THE LAST SPEECH AND DYING-WORDS OF *Thomas* (Lord, *alias* Colonel) *Pride*;

BEING
Touched in Conſcience for his inhumane Murder of the BEARS in the *Beargarden*, when he was High-Sheriff of *Surrey*.

Taken in Short-hand by T. S. *late Clerk to his Lordſhips Brewhouſe.*

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THE
Last Speech and Dying-words
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Thomas (Lord, *alias* Colonel) *Pride*.

My good Friends and Neighbours,

YOu are come (I thank you) to see me die, and let me request you to take my last Breath; I'll make no Set-speech; the Long-Parliament loaded you with those (so many Speeches, as if orderly burnt, would brew two hundred Quarters of Malt) and bad fate speaking still, if his late Highness had not bid me Un-house them. I spake none, neither in the Commons, nor in the Other House; and yet I must either now speak, or else hereafter for ever hold my peace.

My Conscience! 'tis my Conscience speaks; and the first thing that is upon my Spirits, is the killing of the Bears; for which the people bait me, and call me all the names in the Rain-bow. But did not *David* kill a Bear? Did not the Lord-Deputy *Ireton* kill a Bear? Did not another Lord of ours kill five Bears and five Fidlers? May Bears be kill'd in *Nottingham*, in *Leicester*, and not in *Surrey*? You know I was High-Sheriff of the County, and if I might not kill a few Bears, why was I made Sheriff? I thought it our interest to let nothing live that would fight; and therefore we made an Act against Cock-matches. Others have kill'd far greater things with less Commission. But perhaps they'll say I struck at the Prerogative; for Kings and Princes have a priviledge, when they finde a good Mastive-dog, to clap their Collar upon him, and use him for the Game; and to kill the Bears, hang the Dogs; no Bear, no Dog. But think you the Prerogative would reach to Bears? or that *Great Britain* were the Isle of Dogs? Are we like S. *Mallows*, guarded by Mastives? The *French* have ever made us their Apes, and must we follow their Dogs too? If an English Mastive get Whelps in *France*, they all prove Currs; (I wish our English Souldiers there may never turn *French*.)

Can we forget that horrid accident when Major-General *Skippon* came in a Horſe-litter wounded to *London?* when he paſs'd by the Brewhouſe near St. *John's* ſtreet, a deviliſh Maſtive flew (as at a Bear) at one of his Horſes, and held him ſo faſt by the Stones, that the Horſe grew mad as a mad Dog: The Souldiers ſo amaz'd, that none had the wit to ſhoot the Maſtive; but the Horſe-litter, born between two Horſes, toſs'd the Major-General like a Dog in a Blanket. Thus your Dogs uſe Horſe and Man. And for Women, remember how *Swaſh* the abominable Maſtive took a Diſpenſation with an Elders Maid. Nay, not a Sow in the ſtreets by night, but the Watchmens Dogs ſteal privately to her; which makes your *London*-Pigs have ſuch round heads. And when I my ſelf had my firſt Brewhouſe (which was at *Pye-corner*) I heard a Pig bark, whereby I knew 'twas a City-Pig.

Here's a ſweet ſtir with Bears and Dogs, able to make a wiſe man mad: For, firſt they pretend to preſerve their Dogs, yet rail at me for ſhooting the Bears that kill thoſe Dogs; and then tax me for killing the Bears, yet ſet their Dogs to tear the Bears in pieces: Yes, and the man that ow'd the Bears, now ſues me for deſtroying his Goods.

But what the devil are Bears good for? They brag of a Weapon-ſalve made, forſooth, of the fat of Bears kill'd in the act of Generation (though Bears never generate but by night, when none can know it:) My Sword hath made ſome Wounds, let them anoint the blade of my Sword, and try how many Cavaliers 'twill cure. The Devil has a hand or a foot in this Salve, if it come from Bears: for you know the Beaſt with ſeven heads and ten horns had the foot of a Bear; whence people ſay a Bear has the Devils foot. You think I mean the Bear at the Bridge-foot (for God ſends Meat, and the Devil ſends Cooks;) I mean a limb of the Devil: And is it a ſin to deſtroy the Devil? *George* was ſainted for killing a Dragon; (Saints of old, like honeſt *George*, us'd to kill Beaſts, but now Saints commonly kill men;) the Dragon and Bear are the Pictures of the ſame; for the Devil hath divers Sutes to put on: He wears not onely the Beaſt (a red Dragon, an Otter, a Bear) but a very Man, a Woman, in Silks, in Buff, in a long Mourning-cloke (to hide his Cloven-foot) and too often a Saint or Angel of new light; yet then ſo like as one Devil to another.

An Author of ours ſaid, the Beaſts ten Horns are the Kings of *Europe*;

Europe; which may be the reaſon why the Members that voted againſt a King, were ſo hot for Decimation: Thoſe Members were not the major-part, but the Major-General part. I confeſs that Author wrote after the King was beheaded, when our Liberties ſtood committed to ſeveral Keepers; and yet I would know that Members name that would not be a King: Every creature (above and below) hath a Monarch in his Belly. The Devil would fain have been King of Heaven; and *Adam* ſcorned not to be King of the Earth; and each of his Sons would be King of all the reſt. And (to ſpeak my Conſcience) if the State ſhould vouchſafe to name me King, I think I ſhould not queſtion the Election; no, though it were (as I hear the *Perſians* once choſe a King) by the neighing of a Horſe. But he that hath Horſe may ſoon be a King, and therefore I love to ſave my Horſe; but why, with a vengeance, ſhould we ſave Bears, that feed upon Horſe-fleſh? My Phyſician ſays, that an old fellow, one *Pliny*, told him that a piece of Bears-fleſh will grow bigger by boyling; which ſhews the Devil and his Dam is in Bears; for all things elſe will boyl away to nothing: Had all my Beer had a good ſound boyling, I had not died worth a pound of Hops. Are theſe your Beaſts of Game? I profeſs I hate gaming; there is an Act againſt it, though ſome of our own play deep as any; and the Gameſters made Dice of ſome of their Bones that made that Act: (O who can tell how a man is us'd when once he comes to be a dry Bone!) Something there is, that Dice run now more than ever, that ſo many new Curſes follow theſe Bones. Perhaps the Bears came not within the Ring of the Act againſt Gaming, yet both Dog and Bear are within the Liſts of the Act againſt Duels. And though they are out of the Act of Oblivion, yet ſome new Juſtices brought them within the Act for Marriages. 'Tis confeſs'd they fight, but not for us; they are no part of the Militia, and never paid ſo much as Pole-money. They never with Lions were admitted into the *Tower*, nor ſhew'd at *Weſtminſter* among the fine ſights; nor ever reckon'd among the Crown-Jewels. There were Propoſitions for bringing in Plate, Money, and Horſe, but not for Bears: And yet now muſt *England* turn *Greenland*? The War has made it Red-land, and Funerals make it Black-land, and our Miniſters make it Blue-land. But if I never anſwer for killing any thing but Bears, I ſhall do well enough.

Were I arraign'd, it could not be Murther, but Bear-ſlaughter:

nay,

nay, I kill'd them in my own defence, for they would have kill'd me; which is more than can be ſaid for putting many a thouſand to death. O but they ſay I kill'd them not fairly, but ſhot them dead in cold bloud: And am I the firſt that did ſo? have we not done it over and over? I kill them as we kill'd *Lucas* and *Liſle*, two as brave men as the King had any. What, would they have me bait them to death? Do I look like a Bear-ward? or ſhould I knock them in the head like an Ox? there is a Major-General can do that better than I. I remember one (now a great Lord) who ſpeaking againſt *Strafford*, ſaid, Beaſts of Prey ought to have no Law: Shall we grant that to Bears, which we deny'd to *Strafford*? A Cavalier told me, that this was but a Quibble upon the word Law; for there is (ſaid he) no Law for Beaſts, but that a man may kill them for his uſe; and the more ſudden and leſs pain, the better. And if a Hare or Stag have Law, that is, liberty to run, 'tis not for their, but for our ſakes, to prolong our ſport in their deſtruction.

However, that Quibble was ſeaſonable then, and did our work upon *Strafford* and *Canterbury*; but mark how both ſides plead for me! The one ſays, Beaſts of Prey muſt have no Law; the other ſays, There is no Law for Beaſts: So both ſay 'tis lawful for me to kill the Bears. No matter how; hang them, ſhoot them, chop off their heads, ſend them to *Jamaica*, any way is beſt. For can there be Beaſts more malignant than Bears? I look'd but in my Almanack, and there I found two Dogs and two Bears among the Stars; and thoſe, I dare ſay, are malignant Stars: for within two lines, the great Bear is call'd *Charles-wain*.

By this you'll imagine Malignants are in Heaven; but we and they ſhall ſcarce meet in one place; for elſe 'twere madneſs in us to kill them, becauſe thereby we ſend them to be happy: But they, as well as we, would fain live, and would have good Eſtates as they had before, and as we have now. 'Tis in our power whether they ſhall live, but not whether we our ſelves ſhall die; for though our Army be as ſtrong to day as yeſterday, yet our own Bodies draw near Death.

Behold it in me, and remember *Naſeby*, which made us what we are; how the King's beſt men, when the Victory was theirs, took a bottomleſs fancy of running all away, having done the like at *Marſton-Moor*. I have known ſix thouſand (and no Cowards neither) flie all like Bedlams when no Enemy was within

ſeven-

ſeventeen miles; and if they were all examined upon Oath, they could not tell why. And they ſay, that one poor wooden horſe at *Troy*, did more than all our Army in the *Indies*. 'Tis certain, no Woman is ſo fickle as an Army. I ſpeak not for my ſelf, for 'tis well known I have done my part; ſure I have kill'd better things than Bears, and kill'd them as men ſhould be kill'd, either in the Field, or in a High-Court of Juſtice; the beſt Cavalier among them all (the King himſelf) judg'd to the Block; my Lord *Howſon* is my witneſs, for he ſate next to me. Perhaps they think my Lord *Howſon* and I not fit to be Judges, becauſe of our Trades; but let them ſhew me one Text of Scripture where Brewers and Shoomakers are forbidden to be Judges. I confeſs, in Juries of Life and Death, we except againſt a Butcher, as blouded in ſlaying of Sheep and Calves; but if he onely kill Bears and Men, he may be either a Juror or a Judge. I knew a Judge did uſe to mend Stockings (I ſpare his name, becauſe he did a buſineſs for me) and 'tis as lawful to mend Shoes as Stockings: and if a Judge may be a Cobler, a Cobler may be a Judge.

As for me, 'tis true, I have born a Sling, which made a Knave call me Sir *Thomas Slingsby*; but I made the *Slingsby's* ſhorter for it by one, and that one ſhorter by the head; and had done as much for young *Mordant*, but that (having drank White-wine that morning) I ſtept forth to the Wall, and before I could return, *Mordant* was quit. Thus the life of man is but a piſſing-while. But what if I have born a Sling? did not *David* ſo too? The difference is, he laid by his Sword and took up a Sling, and I laid by my Sling and took up a Sword.

Kings, Lords, and Gentlemen, take money for their Lands; others ſow it, and ſell the Corn to us; we advance it to good Beer and Ale, and then ſell the Drink to thoſe Kings, Lords, and Gentlemen: and thus the Cup goes round. They ſell for money, and we ſell for money; and if a Shilling had a tongue as well as a face, it would ſay, Sir, I am but Twelve pence, whether you meet me in the Brewhouſe or in the Exchequer. 'Tis true, there are divers ſorts of ſhillings; ſome are Braſs, impudent Rogues, who when diſcover'd, are nail'd to a poſt; ſome are Lead, heavy dull beaſts that will not go; others are right metal, but clipt, poor decimated things, that would go and cannot. But Braſs is Braſs, and Silver is Silver, at Court and at *Pye-corner*. I was as warm in my Leather-Jacket as in my Scarlet-Cloak.

'Tis

'Tis ſtrange what an eye-ſore that Cloak was to ſome, as if the Garment it ſelf could ſin. Indeed we had a man that us'd to hang his Cloak in my Brewhouſe (as Country-folk hang Wooll over Pails of water to make it weight,) and ſo though not he, yet his Cloak was a Drunkard. But Cloak and Jacket, I was the ſame man: I never deny'd, but ſtill kept my Trade; (and if others had done ſo, a hundred thouſand lives had been ſav'd.) At laſt I got to be Brewer to the Navy, and if each man had drank like the Whale of *Greenwich*, I could have fill'd them all; for I had three Brewhouſes, one at *London*, another at *Kingſton*, and a third at *Edenburgh*. And why not I have three Brewhouſes, as well as Aſſembly-men three Benefices? They were my Livelihood, as theirs were their Livings.

One of thoſe fellows at *Margarets Weſtminſter* (who had four Preferments given him by the State) would needs teach us how to live by a Word: You'll ask (ſaid he) what Word is that? 'tis Faith; get Faith, and I'll undertake you may live Gentleman-like: but that Raſcal brake his own word with me, and died twelve pound in my debt. I grant, he was the firſt that told me my Sirname came from a King of *Rome*, call'd (as I remember) *Tarquinius Superbus*; (there were ſeven of thoſe Kings, but they are long ſince dead) and thence call me one of the ſeven deadly Sins; they may as well call me one of the ſeven Wiſemen, or one of the ſeven Planets, or ſeven Wonders of the World. But if we credit ſuch as he, 'tis a very hard thing not to be a King. They'll prove (if you'll pay them) that *Rhombus* and *Remus*, that founded *Rome*, were of Engliſh Extraction; (I know not whether we had the ſame Mother, but 'tis ſaid many of us had the ſame Nurſe;) but I never car'd three pence for their Praiſe: Therefore I pray ye vex not my Corpſe with a huge Monument, which cannot protect it ſelf, nor me; and many a man's Bones had ſlept in quiet, if his prating Tomb had not told where he lay.

And trouble not my Ghoſt with any of their Elegies Latine or Engliſh; they make a man but laught at, and are not worth a handful of Grains. I do not mean Mr. *George Withers*, for he got the Statue-Office by Rhyming; he hath now ſold that Office, but when will he ſell his Verſes? A Statute lies upon them, ſo as nobody will buy them. 'Tis not a month ſince one of the States Poets brought me an Anagram for me and my Wife; but I hear thoſe Anagrams ſhould be all fetcht into a Court of Wards; for although

although they have not wit enough for Lunaticks, they are dull enough for Idiots. But now they'll all at me: What a heap of paltry Quibbles and Clenches will they throw upon me? You'll hear them cry, Now *Pride* hath a fall; --- Now there are but six deadly sins. --- O Sir, are you there with your Bears? They but saw me stand holding my Crabtree-Cudgel upright, and they cry'd, Lo, there's the Bear and the Ragged-staff! How have they dragg'd my poor name, and set me back from *P.* to *B.* to make me born in *Bride*'s Church-porch? 'Tis false, and non-sence, to call me *Bride*, though my Wife was so when I led her to Church. I know they'll tell you of my Letter to a Friend, where (instead of my best Beer) I wrote I had sent my best Bear. But all Letters and Books are false; there's none of them honest, except the Bible. I have an Abridgement of an English Chronicle, which drowns the Duke of *Clarence* in a Rundlet of Malmsey; (the Duke might as soon be drown'd in a Thimble;) but perhaps 'tis a whole Tun in the Chronicle, for my book is but a Pitome. Hang Names and Words; Greek and Latine will not make an honest man; and a man may speak truth without true spelling.

I remember when I din'd with the *Florida* Embassadour at Alderman *Nowels*, where we had *Florence*-Wines, I told the Alderman that when that Embassadour got home to his Country he'd send us more of that *Florida*-Wine. They all smil'd, but what car'd I? 'twere not two pence to me if *Florida* were in *Italy*, and *Florence* in the *Indies*; they should remember I was a Brewer, not a Vintner.

But I am posting thither where there are no Quibbles, though I fear (in the weak condition I am now) I my self have been forc'd upon many; for dying men talk idly, and he that is sick and talks much, can hardly escape from Quibbles and Nonsence. And I hope you'll pardon my baiting your patience so long with the Bears: Consider, it was the great action of my Life, and the onely thing (in the opinion of many) that would lie upon my Conscience. I confess I thought the lease of my life had not been expir'd; there is breath enough in the world, but I must have no more of it: for Death, Death is the grand Malignant, and a malignant Fevour is his Lieutenant-General, and (which is worse) the new Disease is his Major-General; a Disease which sweeps through all Counties of *England*. And though the Weekly-bills

of Mortality know not us who die in the Country, yet 'tis my comfort I die here in my own house at *Non-such*. 'Twas the Kings house, and Queen *Elizabeth* lov'd this above all her houses; and some say my Wife looks like that Queen, though the old Earl of *Manchester* was said to look like her; (that Queen might look like whom she pleas'd, for she by Proclamation forbad any to draw her Picture;) but I would not have my Wife like both her and him, and so make her a Maphrodite. She hath brought me divers Sons, and I leave them good Estates; (I hope I do) and would gladly leave a good Name to keep them company. The very Malignants say my Sons are civil persons; but should I live a thousand years, they would not say so of me. I think 'twould not trouble them to see me renew acquaintance with my Sling. But how many know ye, that (raised like me to Power and Command) have willingly returned to the place from whence they came?

They talk indeed of a Roman General who came from the plough (*Dick Tator* I think they call him) who having beat the Enemy, went home to the Country, rich, and renowned for a very wise man. And they say, if that pitiful Pilchard *Massanello* (who had a hundred thousand at his pleasure) had left his Command, he had not been rewarded with a Musquet-bullet, but had been honour'd with a Statue of Gold. 'Tis true, the Queen of *Sweden*, though born a King's Daughter, resign'd her Crown, and vows she never lived happy till now: But her Successour loves Kingdoms better than so, and will onely have as many as he can get.

He soon swallow'd *Poland*, and as soon disgorg'd it; and is now in *Denmark*, holding two Forts (with two hard names) which stand like our *Gravesend* and *Tilbury*: And had he strength to take Ours too, I think in my Conscience he would make us all *Danes*. He has many designes, but all my designe is onely to save my Estate and my Soul.

Indeed heretofore I had some little Plots, but they did not all take: I thought to make the same Horses serve both for my Coach and Dray, but I found my Dray-horses were too high shod, and I might as well have harness'd the Bears. And yet I know what belongs to Horses; for I was the first brought Horses into *Pauls*: and those Horses brought Saddles; for a Saddler hath set up another Exchange there.

I was told *Epſome*-water might do me good; but I durſt not take it, having us'd the Vicar ſo very ſeverely, leſt the Pariſh-Prieſt ſhould unhallow the Well: and (to ſay truth) from my Youth I never us'd to drink Water.

My Youth minds me of the late Earl of *Pembrooke*; for when he lay dying (as I do now) I went to viſit him; and when they told him Colonel *Pride* was there (for then I was but Colonel) Who? who (ſaid he) *Pride?* Oh, a precious Youth! But what had he to do with my Youth? Had I ſuch ſtrength and health as in my Youth, I would not change with any Lord in *England*. I now die a Lord; and had I liv'd as long as that Earl, I might have been an Earl as well as he. And I die firſt of all the new Lords; whereby you'll ſee whether our Sons ſucceed us in the Peerage.

I would have no Barons War, though I fear a world of doubts will be rais'd about the Other Houſe. They'll put it to the queſtion, whether our Houſe be within the Act againſt New Buildings? and (if within the Act) whether as built upon a new foundation, or becauſe 'tis a Cottage? Then (after the Foundation) have at the Roof; Whether it be tyled or thatcht? (I do not mean by *Wat Tyler* or *Jack Straw*) Whether it be the upper Houſe, or a Garret, where old Shoes, old Casks, and ſuch Lumber is plac'd? Whether this High-Court be a Court of War where none ſit but Officers? With a hundred ſuch Queſtions, too many for a dying man to remember. And truly I my ſelf have been much puzzled with the Other Houſe; for the Commons is one Houſe, and ours is the Other; and ours is one Houſe, and the Commons is the other. And I would fain know how I ſhould know one Houſe from the other?

If I ſend my Man to my Brewhouſe, he'll ask if I mean to *London?* No (ſay I) but to my other Houſe; then goes he to *Kingſton:* When he returns, I ſend him to my other Houſe; then goes he to *London:* And when he comes back, I bid him not go to *Kingſton* nor *London*, but to the other Houſe; and then muſt he march to *Edenburgh*.

Thus a man muſt run through two Nations ere he can finde this Other Houſe: For this is the Other, and that is the Other, and all are the Other Houſe; though ſure our Houſe of Peers is ſuch, as there cannot be ſuch another Houſe.

I hope 'tis no offence in me, to compare the House of Lords to a Brewhouse; for I am of both Houses: I know how men are at work in both, and what great Heats are often in both, and how in both they all work for one man, yet every man for himself; with twenty more things wherein the two Houses agree.

The difference is, that we took the Engagement against a House of Lords, but not against a Brewhouse, but that was meant of the old House of Peers, not the new; and a new House is worth two old ones; for the State hath a whole years Rent of a new House, if it stand within ten miles of *London*.

But, alas! (my good Friends) I am now going to the Lower House, whither we all must go sooner or later; and the best and greatest Lord of us all had rather go to the other House, than to the other World: for no Brewhouse is there, but a great Oven that will never be cold. Therefore take heed; for as we Brew, so must we bake.

FINIS.